Doomed to Die

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Doomed to Die

by justheretoreadhannibalfics

Summary

The god of Doom has never found any of the minor deaths to be interesting, until they catch sight of one during a battle. They are stunningly vicious, and kill with their bare hands rather than any weapon.

One death felt the eyes of Doom on them during the battle, but they know they shouldn't find it as flattering as they do. No gods, much less the minor gods, dare even acknowledge the existence of Doom. To earn Doom's attention is to gamble with destiny itself.

1

Moros looked over the battlefield. His form shifting in and out of focus and existence. Many men were meeting their fates on this day, and he watched over them all as they did.

The many Valkyries and Keres flocked, unseen by mortal eyes, over the scene. They each fulfilled their purpose with pleasure. The Keres laughed with glee as they dragged each damned soul away from their final resting place. The Keres passed like shadows through the blood pools and corpses. They contrasted the Valkyries in nearly every way, as the more benevolent beings glowed like moonbeams as they lifted the souls of the brave to a more exalted existence.

Everything was as it should be, and Moros was there to make sure it remained so.

Not a soul on, above, or beneath the earth dared go against Moros. He embodied all that was set and promised. To break with him was to unleash chaos. None dared risk it.

There was one Keres who was not as intent in her task. She picked through the dying like they were blossoms or fruit that she must choose only the best of. When she found a victim, she would attack with ferocity and animalistic force as she dragged them down. The screams of her victims rose above the noise, filling Moros' ears and resonating in his ever shifting form.

Her dark hair fell from it's loose braid in large curls around her face and shoulders. Her pale skin contrasted the dark blood that spattered over her as she walked among the bodies with the grace of a muse. Unlike the other Keres, this one did not wield a weapon. She seemed to prefer using her hands to tear apart those she deemed worthy of her wrath. Her physique was seemingly made for such activity. She was lithe and quick, yet strong and capable.

There was one moment when she, seeming to sense being watched, looked up and stared directly at Moros. Her eyes seemed to shine, vibrant green, before they turned back into a dark blue and she resumed her attack.

Moros was intrigued by this Keres.

No fate before had seemed so cruel. None so particular. He had seen them all, but this one struck within him like lightning from Zeus.

When the battle was over, and the barren field left desolate and blood-soaked, the counterpart warriors took their retreat. The Valkyries ascended to their home, and the Keres sank to theirs.

Moros would have to pay more attention in the future.

Willow had never felt eyes on her before that day. As she selected those most worthy of a painful death, she knew she was being watched.

As she held the man who had killed many for no reason, holding him aloft with a hand, and a snarl on her lips, she turned to see who the spectator was.

Her eyes lit on a form of swirling darkness. She could see a shape in the midst of the black. A body of a man, she would have guessed. There were no eyes to be identified, but she knew it was they who watched her so raptly.

Her hair was too long. She wanted it to be shorter, but this was how to look as other Keres'. Maybe someday, she would have it shorter. As it was, the curls brushed against her cheeks and neck as she turned back to her victim and tore out his throat.

This man deserved everything she gave him as she shredded his flesh and ate his heart from his chest. His screams filled her ears and she devoured them as well. She dragged his soul down to hell and wished him the most miserable existence for the rest of eternity.

The eyes remained on her throughout the battle, and she ignored them. If she was to be reprimanded for not using a weapon, or for being slow to exact a fate, she would be told soon enough.

Blood splashed around her bare ankles as she maneuvered around the dead, searching for another who deserved her. She knew she was unusual in her methods. The others did not discriminate, simply taking those souls which were destined for Hades. They took an insurmountable amount of joy in their task, tearing flesh and spirit alike in their near frenzy.

No, Willow didn't share in the tastes of the others. She did not delight in the shedding of undeserving blood. Those who had been cursed, or sold their souls on the behalf of a loved one, felt like innocents when she spilled their blood. She had once decided that only those truly worthy of it would fall into her hands. Those who were cruel to others of their own kind. Who chose injustice and wrongdoing over kindness.

As the battle commenced, Willow followed the other Keres' down to Hades, glancing up a few times to watch as the Valkyries flew into the heavens. She had wondered what it might be like to have the task of finding those worthy of exaltation, but she found herself much more suited to the one she was assigned. She was inclined to righteous anger, which was much better for the task she had.

The eyes followed her until nothing could track her progress through the underworld.

She had never heard of anyone actually seeing Moros, but that was the only name she could think to give what had watched her that day. A figure of undetermined shape, radiating power and overseeing the countless deaths that occurred that day.

She had caught Doom's eye, it seemed.

Perhaps she would have to tread more lightly.

2

Chapter Notes

> I added a section to the first chapter!!! So if you already read it and are here for the next bit, go back and make sure you got the whole thing! <3

Moros watched for that Keres in the upcoming decades. He surveyed the many figures that came when souls were doomed to die. Only rarely did she show herself, but always with the same elegant cruelty and precise violence. She would cast a glance in his direction, which made him all the more curious, before turning all her attention to her task.

It was rare for any entity to be able to see him, far more rare for them to notice him without him doing anything to draw their attention. The final nail in the coffin of his curiosity was that she was such a minor deity.

Keres' did not have the same powers as the higher gods. It was the most odd that one of her kind had noticed him.

Moros always felt his gaze drawn toward this Keres, and he had begun to notice the slightest movements she would make.

She would brush her hair out of her face, combing her fingers through the curls as she did. She also would often run a hand over her face, looking tired despite everything. She never carried a weapon, but her fingers would tap against her leg absently as her hands hung empty at her side.

Moros knew it should be concerning to him that the Keres was capturing his attention so. He was not a partisan being, and should not be affected by anything outside of himself. He should not be swayed.

Yet, here this Keres was, drawing his gaze and trapping his thoughts.

There was no other Keres like it.

Two Keres stood, gnashing their teeth. They awaited the death of the latest victims of a killer. The unique Keres had not taken any interest in his victims, and Moros found himself bored by it all. He knew the fate the man would fall to, and he wished it was quicker.

As the man slit the throats of the sobbing couple, the Keres ran forward and seized the souls, dragging them down to Hades. The man shouted and the woman screamed, but they were powerless against such a power as their own violent deaths. Moros watched, making sure they were secured before he was to be at the next death.

It was not often he had the chance to take a moment of respite. There were enough humans across the globe now that they were constantly dying. It was of little consequence, as he didn't require rest. Other gods, who confined themselves to physical forms, needed to take time to replenish their energy. Moros had never deigned to do such a thing.

A man held a gun in front of himself, aiming it at a young woman. The woman was afraid, and she shook with her fear. She pled with him to spare her life, offering him whatever earthly things she thought may sway him. A sound from outside the building drew the man's attention, just for a moment, and it was long enough for the girl to lunge forward and take the gun from him. He fought for it, but the girl pulled the trigger, and he died.

There was *the* Keres again. She seemed to materialize from a shadow beside the man, and she fell on him with fury.

Her hair was shorter, now. It fell only to her shoulders in the same dark curls Moros remembered. She used her hands like claws, and tore flesh and soul alike with her teeth.

When the deed was done, and the soul obtained, the Keres turned to Moros with an inquisitive look, blood still spattered over her clothes and skin.

"You *have* to be Moros," she said.

Moros hummed in agreement. It was odd that she could see him, as he was typically only perceived as a darkness, or unhappy feeling, even by those who *could* notice him. He wondered what he looked like to her.

"I am," he said, unsure what she meant by talking to him.

The Keres ran a hand through her hair, and he thought she must have it short mostly out of wish to be able to complete that simple action more easily. It was very becoming on her.

"Well, I don't know why you keep watching me," she explained at last, avoiding looking up at him, "unless I have done something to upset you, lord."

Moros would have smiled if he had a corporeal form. It was endearing, hearing another soul address him. It was not often anyone dared even acknowledge him, and here this Keres was, calling him *lord* .

"You are interesting," he replied, indulging in his own desire to know more, "you have not done anything to upset me, little one. I simply wish to understand what sets you apart from the other Keres'."

The Keres nodded, keeping her eyes on the ground. She continually brushed her hair out of her face, letting him glimpse her vibrant, changing eyes.

"Well. I know I'm odd, but you are *Moros* . You are one of a kind. There is none other like you. I am merely one of a legion."

Moros hummed again. He was not sure what intrigued him so about this little creature. She was right in saying that there were millions who served the same purpose as her. None of

them had ever captured his attention in the same way she did.

“As unique as I am,” he replied, “so are you. Very few can see me. Far fewer would deign to speak with me. What do you call yourself, little Keres?”

The Keres glanced up at him curiously.

“I’ve taken the name Willow,” she replied, “and I am sorry for addressing you, lord. I did not know it was unallowed.”

Moros liked her. He very rarely chose favorites, but she was endearing to him. Doom and fate could hardly be partisan, yet here he was. The title she chose to address him by fell from her lips like a smoothed pebble, but he felt it was not quite right. He wanted something that was not as large, he supposed. Something more tame.

“I will take on a name as well,” he said, thinking back to the mortals he had seen. He wanted something noble. Something memorable, but something much more human than his name as a God.

“You may call me Hannibal, little Willow,” he finally decided.

He had never had use of an alternative name. They were for those who needed to distinguish themselves from the others like them. He lived on reputation alone. Having a name that was so mundane in comparison brought him a sense of satisfaction that he could not fully justify.

The small Keres smiled, and it seemed amused. Her lips tilted up slightly unevenly, giving the expression a lopsided appearance.

“A bit of an odd name, sir,” she said, “you take it from a mortal. Did you like him that much?”

Moros, or Hannibal, he reminded himself, felt taken aback. Not only did this lovely creature dare to speak to him, but they were acting so familiar. It was odd, and thrilling, and confusing.

“I do not take favorites,” he answered honestly, “but I do like the name well enough.”

The Keres laughed, and it was a comfortable sound. They did not fear him. Any other being, whether God or mortal, would shake with fear at the mere idea that he had looked their way. This Keres did not seem to care, doing what she wished rather than what was expected.

“Well. I guess that’s a good enough excuse. What first caused you to watch me so closely? I know it was not that I could see you, as I hadn’t yet.”

Hannibal watched as this little thing acted so comfortable with him. She did not fear him at all. He was literally doom, and everything terrible in fate, yet she spoke like they were equals. Any other Keres who could see him would treat him as their master.

“You do not carry a weapon,” he noted aloud, “and you discriminate between souls before you exact their fate upon them. I have wondered for centuries about you.”

Willow ducked her head a bit, running her hand through her hair again and staring at the floor. He knew it was not out of fear, as she was not afraid. He wondered what purpose the action served.

“I don’t carry a weapon,” she agreed, “I feel they are too impersonal. I know it is odd for a Keres to care about that. I like... to use my hands.”

Moros could not fault her that. She had very strong hands, and they matched her strong yet gracefully built body.

“As for the souls,” she continued, “I don’t like to take those that don’t really deserve it.”

She seemed to brace herself, as if expecting him to react violently to that. Hannibal considered this, and found it amusing and intriguing.

“I see,” Hannibal replied.

Willow frowned.

“You do not think all destined for Hades deserve it?” She asked.

“I understand that there are those that have an unfair fate set before them,” he agreed, “and you are special. I trust that you have thought about it much.”

Willow smiled. She seemed satisfied that she had made her thoughts known, and had been accepted rather than reprimanded for their unique nature.

“I didn’t expect *doom* himself to have such an understanding of fairness,” she admitted happily, “but I am pleased. I must be going now, but I do hope you will speak up from now on, instead of just watching.”

Moros was transfixed as he watched Willow descend, waving to him like they had always known each other.

3

Willow didn't know why she did it. Maybe finally having shorter hair had given her a confidence boost. Maybe her curiosity had finally reached a fever pitch. She couldn't really decide. She had known her insatiable curiosity would get her into trouble someday. She had never adhered to the rules like the other Keres, but she just couldn't find it in herself to try.

She was just glad the god of doom hadn't taken offence to being spoken to. She didn't really want to be sentenced to eternity in Tartarus. Or worse.

He hadn't even minded when her tongue had turned sharp, and she had spoken in a far too friendly manner toward him. Any other God would have vaporized her, or turned her into a blade of grass for acting so. He had seemed amused, if she could trust her intuition. She usually could.

She had felt his intrigue, and had tried to poke around to figure out where it came from.

Something about her had caught the eye of Doom himself, and she wasn't sure how to feel about that.

If she were any other Keres, or any other god, for that matter, she would shake with fear at the mere thought that Moros had looked her way. He was the most powerful of all the deities that existed, and he was justifiably the most feared. Willow should have held her tongue and lowered her gaze when she saw the God. She would have feared his wrath at her presumptive act of noticing him in return. Something had always been different about Willow, and so she did not fear him in the least.

Moros had seemed almost a solid form, this time. He was less shifting, and Willow had found that her eyes could *almost* settle on him. Times did change, and they each must adapt, she supposed.

What might he look like in another century? What might *any* of them look like?

Hannibal watched as the ship sank lower into the ocean.

The mortals floundered, their limbs uncoordinated and slow to react to their impending fate. They shouted to each other, as if one of them might be able to save the rest, or get help in time for their rescue.

These poor fools had ingested far too much alcohol while on their "party boat", and they were now going to learn their lesson for it. He mused on the fact that it was a quite permanent lesson. Not one that many souls would be subject to in the moment of their folly.

What would *Will* think of it all?

As if conjured by his thought, Will rose from the ocean to take a soul deserving. He would almost have looked like a siren, as the mortals understood them. He was far too lovely to be seen rising from the water as a harbinger of death. If the mortals could see him, they would feel joy at the prospect of being saved by such a being. Unfortunately for them, they could neither see him, nor would they be saved by him. He was the bringer of their punishment.

There were two among the crowd he seemed intent on taking, and left the others for the Keres' that came after. He tore into their flesh and soul alike, mercy nothing but a foreign idea. There was no room for mercy in a time of death and, with Hannibal and Will *both* about, death was all there was to be found. Will's dark curls glistened with the blood that had splashed over him with the waves around them. His eyes shone with satisfaction and he licked the red liquid from his lips.

His job done, Will turned and joined Hannibal in his observation. They stood side by side for a moment before either of them spoke.

"You are looking very well, lord," Will said, eyeing Hannibal sideways.

Hannibal smiled to himself.

"Thank you, Will. You look radiant as ever. You know by now that you need not call me lord. I am Hannibal. To you, and you alone, but I am."

Will laughed, and threw his head back. Hannibal watched as his dark curls bounced with the motion, and the blood slowly dried on his skin. It was far too becoming for him, and had only become more so since his most recent decision regarding his appearance.

Most Keres remained female in their presentation, though Will had been among the first to decide he was more suited to this other gender. He was still as beautiful as ever, where Hannibal was concerned, but he kept his hair in shorter curls around his head, and he allowed some stubble to show in his jaw. It was wholly unlike anything the other Keres had decided was acceptable. Hannibal had decided instantly that it was a very good choice for him.

"*Lord* Hannibal, then, as I am still only a servant in comparison," Will dissented, "I'm not sure the suit is quite an inconspicuous thing to wear, though."

Hannibal could only be amused by Will's banter. Hannibal had never had the pleasure of having a friend before meeting Willow, now Will. For decades, he had tried to figure out what it was about this Keres that interested him so.

It was still a mystery to him as he watched the lithe creature roll his shoulders in the casual flannel shirt he almost always seemed to wear now. Will had always chosen the most casual clothing the time period would allow, and had immediately formed an affinity to this style. Hannibal had only ever seen the mortals who spent more time in the wilderness wear such things, and he wondered what about it appealed to Will.

His own choice of clothing was nothing near that of the Keres. He had once donned a three piece suit that he had seen on a mortal, and eventually began to experiment with the patterns

and colors. He kept the construction of his look relatively the same, changing only the fabrics.

“I do not much care to look inconspicuous,” Hannibal supplied by way of excuse, “and to hear that you think I look well in it is enough to satisfy me.”

It was all true.

Hannibal did not care what he looked like to anyone else. Anyone who knew who he was would never dare to comment on his appearance in any way. No one in, above, or below the world mattered to him except this Keres.

Will laughed again, this time a more subdued sound.

“As I am clearly not the *best* source of fashion advice,” Will said, gesturing to his own clothes, “I am sorry to have led you astray like that. I will admit, though, that you surely are not one for the usual. You haven’t changed your appearance aside from your clothes since deciding to take a form. I’m impressed by your resolve.”

That was true as well.

From the first moment Hannibal had seen Will after choosing a form for himself, Hannibal had resolved to keep it. The glimmer of joy in the Keres’ eyes when they first lit on him as he was had given him a sensation of pleasure that he had elected to pursue ever after. They had flashed green once again, and his face had broken into a grin.

It had been for Will that he had first taken form anyway. Hannibal had been able to tell that the Keres had felt a bit distanced from him due to the lack of anything tangible when it came to him. He had deliberated long over what he would like to appear as to soothe the worry in his only companion.

“Considering how long I spent designing what I chose, it would hardly be acceptable to discard it immediately after,” Hannibal defended.

The grin on Will’s face remained as mischievous as ever, and he only shook his head at Hannibal. He didn’t seem to take much pleasure in watching the lives be taken by the other Keres, but he often lingered to watch with Hannibal. Hannibal wondered if he would do it otherwise.

“Do you ever think what it might be like to be *mortal* ?” Will asked.

His voice seemed distant, and his gaze was set on the rapidly disappearing ship. It almost sounded as if he were talking to himself rather than Hannibal.

Hannibal considered it for a moment. He had given it *some* thought in the past, but he regretted having to admit that it had not been much. He *liked* to spend time thinking over the impossible, or improbable, and amuse himself with certain eventualities. This had simply not been one he had given much of his time.

“The lives of mortal things are fleeting,” he said, “barely passing in a heartbeat for us. I can’t imagine they would have much opportunity to accomplish anything of note during such a short time.”

Though his comment was casually conversational, Hannibal could tell Will was not satisfied with it.

“But they *do* ,” he said emphatically, “just look at what they have done. They build off of the work of others, and they feel and think and do *so much*. How can something so fragile contain such complexity?”

Hannibal had certainly never considered the mortals to be *complex.* He saw them merely as tasks to be done away with. He knew it must have been because his purpose was only to deal with the ending of their existence, and nothing before.

Perhaps it came from the disconnected nature of his interactions with them. He never actually touched the mortals. He only pointed the way, and had others carry out the deed that needed to be done.

What did Will see that he could not?

It was difficult to fathom that any other being could have a higher knowledge than himself, but he could always count on Will for a surprise.

“I mean,” Will continued, seeming to struggle to put his thoughts into words, “They only live for a blink, but they can hate, and love, and regret, and be cruel or kind. They manage to do that all in such a short amount of time, but one man can shake the earth if they have the means and motivation to do so. I think that is an admirable feat.”

Hannibal had never heard Will speak like this. He was bearing his soul through his words, and seemed to struggle with some internal conflict over what he was saying. Certainly, he had never voiced these thoughts to others. No gods that Hannibal had ever seen put much thought or feeling into the existence of the lesser beings. This was his alone to behold, and it was breathtaking to witness.

“How so?” Hannibal asked, wanting Will to continue so much he would have begged.

Will looked up to the heavens, and Hannibal wondered if he was thinking about his counterpart. A Valkyrie that would mirror him in purpose and action. His brow furrowed in concentration, and he breathed slowly through his nose. His long lashes brushed his cheeks as they fluttered.

“Alexander the Great,” he offered as an example, “He may not have been the greatest human, in reality, but he had an impact on the world. He influenced the people, and even the very land he passed through. He created a peninsula, solely because others thought they were beyond his influence. He conquered lands and accomplished feats many thought impossible. He did not even live as long as Jesus of Nazareth, who now has countless religions based on his very existence.”

Hannibal huffed in amusement.

That Jesus fellow had been a fluke, as far as he was concerned, but the point got across. He supposed humans did have a relatively large margin of influence beyond themselves.

“And you think this is because of the range of emotions they are capable of feeling during their lives?” Hannibal asked.

Will turned back to him, then. His eyes were a light blue that matched the sky. It was almost frightening to see on someone whose eyes were always either so vibrant or dark.

“It is,” he stated, “They accomplish every little feat in their lives because of what they are able to feel. Even the ones that are not remembered by name, have a certain elegance in their actions. A single person might show kindness to another, or stand in the way of danger, and have that result in worldwide change. They may never live to see the change their actions create, but they have impacted the world nonetheless. Have you never seen how they manage it?”

Hannibal has now more sorry than ever that he had not spent much time considering the mortals. The way Will spoke of them made it seem like they were more powerful than the gods themselves, and that they just relinquished their power when the time came for them to die.

“I have not,” he replied softly, “but from now on I will not be able to help it. I will think of it every moment of every day.”

Will smiled, and his eyes came back into focus, regaining their usual stormy blue/green hue. His gaze, as usual, was sharp to cutting.

“I’m sorry for talking so much, lord. I find myself often occupied with thoughts that are not relevant to my position. I overstep my bounds nearly constantly. I must be leaving, now. These souls belong in Tartarus.”

Hannibal nodded, however reluctantly. It was always a shame to see Will leave, though he knew it was necessary. Will had duties to attend to, just as he did.

“No need to apologize, Will. Please call me Hannibal, though. I consider us on a comfortable enough ground for at least that.”

Will chuffed softly, shaking his head in amusement.

“Goodbye, lord Hannibal. Until next time we meet.”

Hannibal watched him descend back into the waves. There was a slight blush to the water as the blood washed off of his skin in the buffeting waves.

4

Chapter Notes

> This chapter is short. I have a lot to apologize for. T-T
> This fic is not abandoned. I promise. I am going to do everything in my power to finish it soon. It might be shorter than I originally planned, but it will be finished. I'm currently focusing on getting back to some of my neglected works, and this one weighed heaviest on my mind because it's been so long since I last updated. Again, I'm very sorry and I hope no one hates me for this.

Moros had asked Will to call him Hannibal again. It never came as a surprise, as he had been persistent since the day he chose the name.

The problem was with Will.

Will was only a *Keres*. He was a servant, and no matter what the god of doom insisted, he could not overstep his bounds in that way.

His other problem was just how much he enjoyed being around Moros.

The day he had shown up and seen him in an actual form, Will had felt something hit him like a dull thud in his chest. The god had features that reminded Will most closely of Caesar, but the Roman could not compare. Moros had such stark, and severe features, even in some semblance of a human form. It was no wonder the others never dared approach or speak to him. His eyes shone like amber when he talked with Will, and turned blood red when he watched the other Keres work.

Every time Will saw the God, he felt the same thud in his chest, and whenever they were apart, he felt a dull ache that seemed to pull at his very core.

It was certainly not something he should feel, being a lesser god as he was. Moros was the God that no one dared cross. He was the God the other gods spoke of only in hushed whispers, afraid to garner his wrath.

Will was just a Keres, and didn’t even manage to remain within his station. He had no business calling him anything other than Lord, or Lord Moros. The fact that he would even stoop so much as to call him Lord Hannibal could have him stripped of his godly status. If Moros ever grew bored with him, he feared what might happen.

There was a little bit of Will that argued that their familiarity had been orchestrated by the lord Moros himself, but it was subdued by the other reasonings.

If Moros wanted him to call him by anything less formal, Will resolved that he would have to show that he felt the same way.

It was never going to happen. Gods simply did not feel that way, aside from this one, broken Keres. He could not let anyone know of his defect. Gods did not have emotions the same way mortals did. They simply didn't.

Will watched a pair of fishermen wade into the water of a quiet stream and wondered what enjoyment could be derived from taking the life of something so small and innocent. The fish had never done anything to earn their ire, and they surely did not believe in the river spirit that resided there.

Closing his eyes, Will decided that *he* would fish solely for the excuse to wade into the stream. It would be soothing to be surrounded by quiet and natural sounds. Maybe he could escape the competing sounds of his own mind. He might be able to be isolated enough to stop seeing the ties that connected humans.

He knew it was odd, that he could see them. It was like each person left invisible slipstreams in the very fabric of reality wherever they went. The currents seemed to bend and attach to other humans, ones that were touched or affected by the source mortal. It was like intangible strings tied every human to the others.

Will hadn't exactly meant to voice all of that to Moros. He knew it was odd for him to spend so much time thinking about humans. He figured it had to do with the fact that he spent so much time outside of the company of the other Keres. He had seen them gather to talk, seeming familiar with each other. He knew he was odd, and that the others kept away as much as they could. He just didn't quite know how to fix that.

If it was what had drawn Moros to him in the first place, did he really want to fix it?

Will decided he wouldn't mind being ostracized from the other Keres' if it meant Lord Moros did not grow bored with him.

Will wondered if Lord Moros grew tired, now that he had taken a physical form. He knew there were some gods who were able to split themselves so they could be in multiple places at once. He wondered if Moros had done that, and if that helped combat fatigue.

Keres' could not, being the low deities they were.

Hannibal sat comfortably on a bench, watching the front of the building. He had been thinking about what Will had said.

Hannibal wanted to be a witness to how mortals changed the world around them. He would have liked to ask Will to join him in his observation, but he knew Will had a job to do. Will would have been able to point him to a mortal who would have been entertaining to observe, surely. Hannibal had to choose one himself, though. He simply didn't see Will often enough.

Hannibal was sorry about that.

The door opened to the building, and the man Hannibal had been waiting for walked out. Hannibal stood and followed him down the street. Hannibal already knew this man had an impact on other mortals, and he had the added incentive of knowing he had earned the wrath of Hannibal's favorite Keres.

The man had killed many others, and had no reason or remorse for it. Hannibal knew those were the qualifying requirements that attracted Will.

Hannibal had a feeling there was something Will was able to see that he wasn't. Some way that mortals were connected to each other and their surroundings. Hannibal couldn't see it, but Will spoke of it as if the tendrils of time were visible to him. Hannibal wondered if that was possible.

For himself, he could see something of the sort when he wished. He could not see the influences or potentials of individual mortals, but he could see the way the wind was blowing for the world as a whole. He could see and feel the great tides of fate.

If Will had a similar ability, though unique of itself, it would be amazing. Will was only a keres, and should not have the power required to fuel such sight. Such a thing would confirm what Hannibal had suspected from the first moment he had laid eyes on the peculiar keres. Will was entirely unique, and had the ability to rise above his status.

It just seemed Will had not discovered this for himself yet. He was constantly insisting he was nothing more than what he had been branded from the start.

Hannibal would have to find some way to show Will what he could become.

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